

THE COMMONWEALTH & SOUTHERN CORPORATION
600 NORTH EIGHTEENTH STREET
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

April 13, 1942.

My dearest Lil:

I don't know when I've had anything that gave me as much pleasure as the letter from you -- even if it was written to all three, but how in heck can one think of enough to write to three different people in the same family. I have a friend to whom I write and also her mother. Both of them wait for me to write individual letters and it is a very hard thing to do because I'm usually in debt to one or the other of them at the time I'm writing one. But any way, I appreciated the letter just as much as if you had written it just to me, so there.

The youngster certainly got a BIG KICK out of the locket and she will write you right away about it. She was in bed when not in school all of last week with a wretched cold and still feels kind of miserable. We had a Defense Parade here last Monday and a great many of the kids from the various schools marched in it so I let her do it too. They made them pull off their coats or jackets and while it wasn't cold, the March wind (in April) was penetrating and Inice Elise gets cold just like her daddy -- blow your breath on either one of them real hard and they all but have pneumonia. So any way, she is feeling better now and I am sure will write you right away.

We are about through with the fixing of the house and it looks real cute. The front porch is all screened in and I am sure we are going to enjoy it this summer. I simply can't sit on one when the bugs and mosquitoes can eat on me. We put a small room on top of the garage so that if the negro wants to live there she can and if not, Mr. P.M. can make it a kind of office, which I had just as soon would be the case. However, I've gotten my old negro back and if I am going to continue to work, it is quite necessary I have one, and she lives up in the country. Don't know how long she will stay, but will keep her as long as I can. She is a good cook and an excellent house cleaner and that is a combination hard to get in Birmingham.

Guess Mr. P. M. wrote you that Dorothy was having to move. Can't help but feel sorry for her with a baby that little and having to take it all on her own shoulders. She hasn't written us any of the details as yet. We only know what Jimmy said over the telephone. I'm not one for offering advice and I don't know what I'd do under the circumstances -- my greatest worry has always been that some day I might have to leave my family and that would be the hardest thing in the world for me to do. I could, of course, if I had it to do, but the past few years have made a sort of moral coward out of me.

Mr. P. M. got out in the yard and worked like a negro Saturday and it almost got the best of him. Makes him so mad he could pop when he can't do the things he wants to do. I told him he had to remember he wasn't as young as he used to be and he can't work with a pick and shovel. He said yesterday morning "Don't you tell anybody I'm not feeling good" and with that he got up and went to Church, but he really should not have. He is worrying over the progress of the machine, but he is doing as well as could be expected in the face of the Government's order that all defense work MUST come first. The long and short of it is he has worked long and hard hours for so long that inactivity simply gets under his skin, but with all of it, he is certainly being sweet. I wish you could know just how much he appreciated your letter. He said "That's the sweetest letter I ever had from Lil in my life" and he remarked the same way several times. I get so sorry for him I could just weep for I realize that all these years I have had my kiddie all to myself and I now believe his heart ^{MUST} have ached terribly for her. I've told him time and again now that he shouldn't worry so much about making money, that we can get along and after all, it shouldn't take a lot of money to make us happy -- I've taken the best years with him why not take the others too? The Lord certainly never intended for the road to have no detours nor dark, swampy places, but I do think He intended for us to trust Him so perfectly that those things would only serve to draw us closer. I guess all men are prone to rely on their own strength. Our preacher once said that if it were not for the women, the churches would never have progressed to their present stage, that woman's faith had been the means of getting through many spiritual crises, and I am inclined to agree with him. I sometimes wonder where I might have ended up had it not been for the faith that made me know there was a reason and that with the burden He would give me strength to bear it.

We still want you and Mary (or you if Mary won't come) to come up here and I don't see why you can't run up some time. The bus schedule is pretty good and the buses are pretty comfortable and after you get here we would have our car. At any rate, we are still hoping you will.

I just bet your yard is beautiful. The woods here are mighty pretty with the dogwood, honeysuckle, crab-apples and sweet williams all in bloom and I am sure they are much prettier there. I brought back with us from Troy that Sunday an azalea and put it out. Then I bought one here to balance my shrubbery, but do you know the one I bought in Troy is evidently a variety that grows there and will not grow here for it hardly puts on a new leaf and the other is blooming itself to death. We are going to try to get the yard all straightened out this week and next. Had so much rain last week that there was nothing we could do. I'm still hoping that you will save me some of your bulbs when you transplant them. I have some jonquils (the smaller variety) but have no narcissus or in fact anything other than the small jonquils.

This isn't a very interesting letter, I'm afraid, but wanted you to know I was thinking of you.

Heaps and heaps of love,

Heaps

P. S. We are having a rather hard time about typewriters. We went to the shop over the week end and they haven't been returned. This is a loan machine and like driving some one else's car —

T DELIVERED RETURN TO
NORTH 18TH STREET
INGHAM, ALABAMA



APR 14 1942

Mrs. L. C. West,
Panama City,
Florida.